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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY TWENTY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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literature

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Reconstruction.

By MARGARET S. JACOBY.

THE keen black eyes of *la vielle mére* Rosselet, who stood at the doorway of the quaint, weather-stained inn, missed no detail of the late afternoon activity in the old, cobblestoned street. She had a few minutes before completed the heel of the stocking on which she was working, and she now knitted busily ahead, never missing a stitch, though she was evidently devoting her whole attention to the neighborly salutations she was exchanging with her passing friends. The peasants were returning from their day-long labor in the fields, where men and women worked side by side. But they were not too tired, it seemed, to shout a cheery greeting to *la vielle mére* Rosselet, or to ask if she had lately heard from that wonderful, that idolized son of hers, Pierrot, who was so sure to become famous in Paris. Yes, she had received a letter from him that day, and there was a compliment to tell of—one paid to his work by a famous artist—and money that he had sent her to show the very respectable price paid by some beauty-lover for a sketch of the old inn itself, with the gnarled lilac bushes in full bloom on each side of the worn step, just as they were this June day.

Mére Rosselet knitted and chatted contentedly. The soft evening breeze fanning her wrinkled face, ruffling the smooth strands of her gray-black hair, brought with it the fresh sweet fragrance of the lilacs. "How big the bushes have grown," she thought, "and how the perfume brings back the old days, when my good husband Pierre brought me here, and we planted the lilac slips. 'Twas the spring they first blossomed, I remember, that we planned for a good schooling for *petit* Pierrot—and when they bloomed again, *mon bon mari* Pierre was in his grave. That was a black time indeed!—and I didn't find it easy either, to run the inn alone—but it was necessary that *petit* Pierrot should have his schooling. Well, that was long ago. Pierrot has grown into a tall, handsome man, and a great artist—he'll be famous some day soon, no doubt. Best of all, he is a good, dutiful son, often visits his old mother, and respects her wish to remain in the village, in the *aubérge* where she has such constant reminders of her short, happy years with Pierre—yes, here I have lived and when *la mort* comes, she will find me here—it is best to end one's days in peace." And *mére* Rosselet, winding up her knitting, hastened in to prepare supper for her guests.

Two months later the war-cloud broke! The villagers could not believe it possible—war!—when life had seemed so simple, so tranquil. War, and awful, soul-shaking things happening with the rapidity of a nightmare! Belgium invaded!—Belgium, not many miles away from their own little village! The call for volunteers! Pierrot was among the first to respond; there was a heart-breaking scene in the old inn when he came to bid his mother farewell. "Go, *mon brave garcon,*" she said, courageously trying to

steady her voice, "Go! *La belle* France has need of you—and *la* France comes first—your father would have been proud to see you go." He knelt on the stone floor; by the candle-light he could see how deep the wrinkles had furrowed her pale cheeks, how bright her dark eyes were with unshed tears. She stooped, laid her trembling, toil-worn hands on his dark, clustering curls, and blessed him, murmuring, *"Mon fils, mon fils!"*

Again in brief, terrible pictures the panorama of war unrolled itself to the dazed eyes of the country folks. Regiments were passing—were in the village itself. The firing line drew nearer and nearer. Every hut in the little place sheltered its *blessé*. The *poilus* were retreating, stubbornly fighting each step of the way. Bombs began to explode in the old, cobblestoned street. Many of the women fled to near-by places beyond the firing-line. Some few, remaining, provisioned their deep cellars as best they could, and stayed there while walls crashed overhead, and the opposing forces met in desperate hand-to-hand encounters amid the general ruin.

Mère Rosselet had gathered into her comparatively large cellar several of the *blessés* who had been too severely wounded to be moved for any distance, as well as a few of her friends who had elected to remain with her. The women when not engaged in ministering to the injured, sat huddled together, listening breathlessly to the whistling scream of the shells, the thunder of explosions, the crash of falling walls. But *mère* Rosselet had brought her knitting with her, and she worked on in apparent unconcern, although in her heart she trembled at every sound, and prayed unceasingly for the safety of Pierrot.

At last the *poilus* succeeded in repelling the invaders, and it was possible for the women to leave the cellars. Out they came, to find, as they had expected, little trace of their beloved, though humble homes. Bravely they struggled to build rough shelters of the stones and boards that had once housed them. The old inn was no more. A heap of ruins marked its site, hiding all trace of the gnarled lilac trees that once had bloomed so sweetly.

Mère Rosselet built a lean-to against a part of a wall that still stood, and there she kept shop —if one could call it that, considering the lack of things to sell! But she put up a sign, and kept a light shining of nights, heartening with her cheery courage both despairing women and suffering *blessés*. So the months passed.

One day a touring car drove up to the village, and three people alighted. One *Mère* Rosselet recognized as the prefect of the department—he had often stopped over-night at the inn. The other man carried a roll of papers. The third passenger was a woman—a very young and attractive woman, as *Mère* Rosselet saw when they drew near. The two men were talking to her, excitedly pointing out this spot and that, consulting the papers. The girl listened with interest, but when she perceived the little group staring at her from the opening of the lean-to, she broke away from the men, and came forward.

"Bon jour," she said (her French had a strong American accent), "will you be so kind as to allow me to ask you some questions?" *Mais oui, Mademoiselle,"* smiled *Mère* Rosselet. The foreigner had a charm, without doubt, and before long the old French woman found herself telling of the winter spent in the cellar, the dangers and hardships, and, in spite of herself, of the heart-breaking anxiety of a mother whose only son was on the firing-line. The girl listened sympathetically, then beckoned to the men, whom she introduced. "This is the architect of the department. I am an American. My name is Sylvia Robertson, and I am the agent of a millionaire compatriot. He has authorized me to rebuild some French villages at his expense—and I am sure I could nowhere find a better field for the work than I find here."

Miss Robertson found a room in a tiny home off the main street that had somehow escaped destruction. She spent the greater part of her time with *Mère* Rosselet, for she wished to reconstruct the village as nearly as possible after its former plan, with a few changes calculated to correct unhygienic conditions; and *Mère* Rosselet was an authority on the village. A genuine affection sprang up between the two, and many a day the old inn keeper sat in Miss Robertson's little room, the sunlight on her hair that was now snow-white, and glittering on her clicking needles as she knitted and talked. Most often she spoke of Pierrot—of how clever and handsome and good he was, and the girl, gazing at a photograph that *Mère* Rosselet had treasured through it all, smiled and said she could well believe it.

The work was formally begun at the site of the inn. They made a little *fête* of it, the mayor presided, and the old French woman stood in the place of honor, her young friend at her side. As the first spadeful of debris was lifted out, they heard the sound of drums, and a regiment appeared, just back from the firing-line, on its way to a rest station. The lieutenant in charge gave one look, then shouted "Halt!" and running forward, swung the white-haired woman up in his strong young arms. *"Ma mère!" "Pierrot!"* And *Mère* Rosselet wept like a child for the joy of it.

Sylvia stared amazed. So this was Pierrot! Well, he certainly looked the part, so strong and browned—yes, his hair curled just as in the picture and his eyes were even more wonderful! And Pierrot, turning as his mother explained what was taking place, looked down into her delicate wild-rose face, smiled an answer to the sweet expression in her eyes, and loved her at once.

When he had taken his regiment to the station, he obtained a furlough and returned to the village. The days seemed to fly. Sylvia felt strangely happy. Pierrot had periods of depres-

sion. It seemed impossible that she should care for him. Besides, suppose she were wealthy! Pierrot had an artistic soul—and to be thought a fortune-hunter was—well, unthinkable! And when, one day, she told him that the money she had used was her own, he left her rather rudely. Sylvia was not a conceited girl, but she *had* thought he cared for her. So when *Mère* Rosselet hinted, one day, at much the same thing, Sylvia took a little trip to Paris.

The evening of her return, Sylvia walked with Pierrot—ostensibly to inspect the progress of the work. "By the way," she observed, "I've heard of another village that is just about the right size to use up the rest of my money in reconstructing, so I arranged it all in Paris yesterday." "What!" cried Pierrot, "All your money? How then will you live?" "Oh, I'm not so helpless as I seem," she laughed, "I can work!" And Pierrot hastily offered to engage her as housekeeper!

The inn is completed now, and new lilac slips have been planted. Thus the gracious work of reconstruction goes on, while *la nielle Mére* Rosselet and *la peune Mme*. Rosselet live aimably together, awaiting the end of the war. They ask your prayers for the safety of Pierrot.

Just for a Joke.

By Burke Boyce.

"OH, don't ask him!"

"But I hate to leave him out, he seems so lonesome."

"Huh! he'll be worse off at the party, for nobody really knows him, and he's so shy that he won't talk to anybody. Besides, a boob like that always sort of spoils the whole thing."

"Well, all right then, I won't invite him."

"Fine!"

The last speaker, James Long, seemed well pleased. His rather good-looking, dark face, wore a broad smile. The boy with whom he had been talking did not seem so happy. In fact, he was rather disappointed, for he was a kind, thoughtful boy who hated to see people "left out," especially when they were his friends. And there was no denying that the boy about whom they had been disputing was his friend; nor was there any denying that he was the queerest friend Gerard Whitson had. He answered to the name of Egerton Kaye, was modest and retiring, and was seldom seen away from his books.

But Gerard Whitson was the only friend he had. The other boys in the class regarded him as something to amuse themselves with, and to try their newest pranks on. The girls thought he was a stupid bore, for he never could talk about the latest dances, or voice an opinion on the newest songs, or tell how he liked the sundaes at Huyloft's. But it was Jim Long who really made his school life miserable: every time he was hit with a chalky eraser, every time a comic sign was pinned on his back, every time an important book was missing, Jim was sure to be at the bottom of it.

Such was the case when Kaye was not invited to the party that Whitson was planning. The party, by the way, was given as a sort of feast of honor to Long, who had just been nominated for Class President. The nominations would not close until the next day, but Long knew that no one would want to run against him, for he was too popular. He was thinking of this fact as he danced, when suddenly a thought struck him. Before the next dance he called some of his cronies around him.

"Say, I have a fine idea," he announced.

"Marvelous; shoot."

"Listen. We haven't done anything to Kaye lately, so I thought we might nominate him for Class President just for a joke."

"Better look out. That's rather risky, don't you think? You never can tell about elections."

"Bah!" replied Long, "you know I've got the election cinched."

"You sure have."

"You bet he has."

"Sure."

"No chance for Kaye."

"It'll be great sport, though."

"Won't it?"

Such were the expressions of approval, and the motion was carried unanimously. On the morrow Kaye was to be nominated for president.

The day of the class election came at last, and the whole class assembled to vote. Long was very boastful, even disagreeably so. He strutted around telling everybody how he would act when president, and what fun he would have teasing Kaye. Even his most intimate friends were "riled." And those who did not know him so intimately were disgusted.

"I hope he won't act like that when he's president."

"It'd be awful to have to stand him, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, but he'll be elected."

"Sure."

"Who's the other one?"

"Kaye? He's a study shark with a pear-shaped head and no chin."

But Kaye did have a chin and a strong one, too. When he heard that the "Long crowd" had nominated him "just for fun" he set it firmly and began "electioneering."

"I'll show Long that I *have* got something in me, after all," he decided. Then he had begun his campaign. But it was rather discouraging:

most of his classmates either laughed at him or told him that they wanted a "live" one to run the class.

"What would the class dance be with a fellow like him running things?" they said to each other.

However, there were at least a dozen boys like Whitson who realized that Long was not fit to run the class, and a few of the wiser girls thought so too. There was absolutely no chance for Kaye, though, when election day dawned. And so Long strutted and boasted until everyone was sick of him, secure in the knowledge of his approaching power."

The chairman *pro tem* called the meeting to order.

"It is our purpose in meeting here to-day to elect a president (Long smiled), a vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. We will first proceed with the election of president. Will the candidates please leave the room?"

Long and Kaye left the room and the balloting began. Tense excitement was in the air. Every one was eagerly expectant. Some wrote the name of their candidate in huge, black letters, as if that would mean another vote. No one could possibly be indifferent to the general feeling of suppressed enthusiasm. Yet it was not a close race. Why were they so excited? Because it is natural to be excited at every election, I suppose.

Out in the hall, Kaye's heart beat fast in spite of the fact that he knew he wouldn't be elected. Never mind. He wouldn't be a dead one any more. He'd wake up and beat Long next year. Yes, maybe it would be better if he shouldn't be elected. What was that? The chairman had risen to announce the result. How he wished he could hear it. There! It's all over now. They are clapping furiously. A boy puts his head out of the door and tells them to come in. How can he! Yes, he must. Look, Long is already halfway in the door. Well, he must follow and take his medicine. He braces himself and steps firmly through the doorway. An astounding roar of applause greets him. The class, tired of Long's boasting and exalted opinion of his own worth, has elected Kaye President!

* * * * * * * *

Two months later, the "best president a class of that grade ever had," after having been repeatedly annoyed and interrupted in the class meeting by the pranks and remarks of the jealous Long, made this same Long come up in front of the room and apologize to the class for interrupting an important business meeting. As the crestfallen Long was walking forward to obey, one of his cronies looked up at him with a grin.

"Go to it," he whispered, "do it 'just for a joke.'"

The Sacred Lights.

By L. S. Pomeroy.

IN the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem there are fifteen lamps suspended above the altar which have burned there continuously for 600 years. The wick is fed in from below the lamp, and oil is supplied every day by fifteen worthy citizens of the town. This sacred duty is handed down from father to son, provided that the task is attended to faithfully and well.

Saqui and Paulo were two of the fifteen who filled the lamps. Sometimes they met in the quaint old church, or talked together while they grazed their flocks on the flowery hillsides outside the town, for these men were poor and had to work hard for their living. Saqui was the older of the two, being about sixty-five years of age, while Paulo was thirty. A year before the story opens, it had been proposed to the bishop that Saqui turn the duty of attending to the lamp over to his son. But Saqui had begged to be allowed to continue, saying that he would be faithful as in the past, and was able to work although he was old. So he had been allowed to go on.

As the months passed by Paulo noticed that Saqui's steps grew slower, that his hand trembled when he filled the lamp.

"He is working too hard for one of his age," thought Paulo; "he should take a rest and give up the church duty."

But when he broached the subject to Saqui one day in the fields, the latter replied that his work was not so heavy as it had been, that he wished to continue to care for his few sheep and the sacred lamp. So Paulo tried to think no more about his friend's seeming exhaustion.

One afternoon after a heavy storm, Paulo slipped into the church by a side door to trim and fill his lamp. Reverently he approached the altar, knelt down and repeated a short prayer. Then he looked up. One of the lamps was sputtering, flickering, almost gone out! Oh! what should he do? If he filled it, the honor of attending the lamp would be taken from the family whose head was then caring for it. If he did not fill it, one of the lamps which had been kept lighted for 600 years would go out, and shame would fall on the careless townsfolk. Suddenly he wondered whose light it was. The eighth one. It was Saqui's! He would fill it. With trembling fingers he seized the earthen jug of oil and poured some into the flickering lamp. Then he attended to his own and passed quietly out of the church.

But other eyes than Paulo's had seen his act. The bishop had come quietly into the church by the front entrance just as Paulo was filling the two lamps. He realized that the man was doing something he ought not to do; he realized that he must inquire into the matter to discover who was at fault.

Accordingly, a few days later Paulo was notified by messenger that the bishop wished to see him. Hurriedly he wrapped his loose cloak about him and followed the messenger to the meeting place. Once inside the low room where the bishop sat he bowed low and waited for his superior to speak.

"Three days ago, Paulo, I was in the church as you were filling your lamp, but you also tended another one," began the bishop abruptly.

Paulo nodded.

"Whose lamp was it?"

"Saqui's, sire," replied Paulo softly. "The light was almost out and Saqui had not come, so I filled it. It was wrong, but I was afraid the light would die out."

"Go get Saqui and bring him to me," commanded the bishop.

Shaking all over, Paulo went out and soon came back with the equally frightened Saqui.

"Saqui, where were you three days ago that you did not care for your light?" asked the bishop.

"Sire," began Saqui, in a hesitating voice, "as there was a heavy storm that afternoon, I gathered my flock together and crept under an old shed for shelter. There, lulled by the noise of the rain, I fell asleep, and when I awakened it was dark. Urged on by fear and shame, I ran to our church, where I found my lamp burning brightly. Paulo had filled it for me."

"Do you know what the penalty is for neglecting your task?" he inquired of Saqui.

"Yes, sire. The sacred duty will be taken from my family and I will die in shame and dishonor," murmured Saqui, with downcast head.

"And you probably know," the bishop continued to Paulo, "that I may mete out any punishment to you I think just."

"I am old, sire," pleaded Saqui. "For fifty years I have watched and tended my lamp. Be lenient."

"My friends," said the bishop after a long pause, "this case is rather unusual and I cannot decide what to do. To-morrow at noon I will send you my decision."

So Saqui and Paulo went their way to wait with dread for the decision on the morrow—the decishion which carried so much weight and importance with it, without which their lives would be unendurable. But in the afternoon Saqui became ill from excitement and overwork, and the next day he was worse. His fever was high; the dictor shook his head doubtfully and said that his patient wasn't a young man, so the sickness might carry him off. Nevertheless, Saqui was so improved at the end of four weeks that Paulo was allowed to read him the bishop's ultimatum.

"Inasmuch as both parties in this case have always done their duty faithfully and promptly, and inasmuch as Saqui's neglect was caused by the feebleness of old age, I hereby pardon both Saqui and Paulo, and will that the care of the eighth lamp shall hereafter go to Saqui's eldest son, and that Paulo be removed from his task for *one* year only."

Saqui and Paulo lived many years in peace. Perchance if you should go to far-off Bethlehem to-day, you might still find their children's children repeating the story about their grandfathers and the lamps and caring diligently and well for the sacred lamps in the Church of the Nativity.

One Night.

By Philip Coffin, Jr.

IT happened last summer while I was at camp. The day had been ideal, and as Jo and I were lazily paddling our canoe home from the village late that afternoon we decided that it was time to have an exciting lark of some kind. Now you must understand that Jo was an up-and-coming sensible, fun-loving girl of the twentieth century. So you see that it was not unnatural that she should suggest something very novel.

"Why, I know—sleep on the lake!" she merrily chirped.

"Explain further," I commanded from the bow.

"Simple. Get on the raft, push out into the lake, drop the anchor, and sleep."

"After we get Passel to say 'yes.'"

Miss Passel, the counselor, proved to be a sport, and so as the moon rose that warm August night it shone down upon a raft anchored in the lake upon which Jo and I, attired in bathing suits, lay down. The hooting of the owls and the cries of the whippoorwills plus our ghost stories made us feel weird to say the least.

"You know," confided Jo, "there was an old man who lived up there on Blue Mountain ten or eleven years ago. He was a very wealthy retired broker. One morning his daughter came down to this very lake that we are lying on now with one of the servants and went out in a canoe. They got out in the middle when zip! the thing capsized and the old man's daughter drowned. Her poor old father went hopelessly crazy and ordered that no one was ever to go upon the lake again. A few months later he committed suicide here, and you know they say whenever anyone swims here after dark he can see the old gray-bearded man with arms upstretched, and it's been said that he grabs hold of the swimmer and pulls him down to the very bottom never to rise again, and—"

"Oh, Jo, subside," I interrupted, "you give me the collywobbles out here on this forlorn lake talking about suicides and ghosts!"

"Well, it's true, at any rate. Try it if you have any doubts."

I shuddered at the thought, and the rippling

wavelets soon rocked me to sleep. It was far in the night when a screeching owl awoke me. The awful quietness made me very lonesome and somewhat frightened. I reached out to poke Jo and get her to talk, for even her ghost stories were better than this stillness. I reached farther and farther and then sat up in alarm, for, horrors! Jo—Jo was not there. Then suddenly all was clear. Jo once told me that she was a somnambulist. She had walked off of the raft in her sleep and even now she might be at the bottom of the lake. I gazed into the water and the vision of an old gray-bearded man with upstretched arms stared up at me. I tried to scream but could make only queer little sounds. At last I gathered up all of my strength and courage and plunged into the lake. After what seemed hours I reached the shore. I dashed past the tents for Miss Passel, and as I passed ours I stopped in for a bathrobe. In my hurry I stumbled over a cot pushed in the doorway. Just as I was about to go on a sleepy voice mumbled:

"And then a wet elephant fell over me and when—"

"Jo, Jo, is it you? Oh, Jo!"

Jo rolled over and rubbed her eyes.

"Ye-a, it's me. Say, you are wet as rain. How, how did you come here?"

"Swam. The raft is too hard for me to sle-e-p on. G-o-o-d-n—"

She turned over and slumbered while I—I tumbled into my cot a hopeless wreck.

A Zeppelin Raid on London by Night.

No stars nor moon did shine that night o'er head,
As London's population lay abed;
The quietness was broken by a bomb,
Excitement, tumult then replaced the calm,
"The Zeppelins have come!" crowds spread the cry.
The bombs fell thick; the searchlights swept the sky.
In vain they flashed; for naught they sent their beam,
Still, still the foe above remained unseen.
At last one ray, by fortune well directed,
Revealed the foe, by its own height protected.
And then the other searchlights from below
Illumined brightly the invading foe.
The English fired bombs and shells at it,
But 'twas so high that none of them could hit.
The bombs went off before they reached their mark;
They looked like harmless fireflies in the dark,
At last a bomb exploded near the foe;
The airship rocked as if to fall below.
The Germans then their hostile fire ceased,
The wounded airship turned and sailed toward east;
It slowly, slowly faded from our sight
And disappeared into the black of night.

By this night raid what did the Germans gain?
No forts destroyed! No British soldiers slain!
The homes of poor their bombs reduced to naught,
They killed the wives and babes of them that fought.

WM. RIEMAN.

Ann's Escort.

By Edith Potaker.

AT the novelty counter of a "five and ten-cent store" stood little Ann Dorlew, nine hours each day to earn the munificent sum of five dollars per week. By her side stood Ruth Lansing, a young miss of seventeen summers. Miss Lansing's assertion that she "didn't have to work" had gained for her a true respect from her co-workers. Ruth's money was entirely spent on raiment. Her father, a well-to-do merchant, supplied the household fund. In direct contrast, Ann spent little or almost nothing on her wardrobe, handing over to her mother each week the hard-earned salary. Yet these girls, so different in nature and disposition, were the best of friends. Ann's only recreation was in listening to Ruth's recitals of her parties and merry-makings. Indeed Ann envied her just a bit when she recalled how, at one of these events, her escort had mysteriously disappeared before the evening had well begun because of her shyness and inability to dance.

"Oh, you must have that social talent right in you," Ruth had often explained to her as they were talking such matters over.

From that time on Ann's invitations had been politely perfunctory. One could not be effervescently entertaining when one was miserably conscious of dull, thick shoes peeping from beneath a borrowed frock, and wondering who present had ever seen this dress on its rightful owner. Yet there were times when she longed for another peep into these pleasure haunts.

It was on a morning when trees and flowers were in bloom that Ruth was describing glowingly the coming of the Pleasure Club's annual excursion.

"It's to be on the fourth, and mother is making me a blue foulard—long, straight lines. Perfectly lovely! I'm going to get a silk parasol—green, you know, and I'm going to wear my yellow satin evening pumps. I bet I'll look grand! Gee, we'll have a fine time! Don't I wish you were goin', Ann!"

Ann said nothing. It required a good deal of courage to confess that she possessed only a winter suit trimmed with Aunt Mary's lace collars and cuffs. But upon second thought she asked timidly: "If I got an escort, could you get me an invitation?"

Relieved at the prospect of no attendant responsibility, Ruth was jubilant. On various occasions she had faithfully tried to procure male escorts for her friend, but these impudent young persons disdained to take out a young miss who wore winter clothes in summer and who sat as silent as the Sphinx.

Now arose the question, who was to be the escort?

"First of all," suggested the bright-eyed Ruth, "let's write to Miss Fairfield, of the *Crescent,* and ask if it's proper for a lady to ask a gentleman to accompany her on an excursion.

"That's just the thing," replied Ann, approvingly. So at lunch hour they wrote and mailed the note. A few days later this concise answer appeared:

"By no means do such a thing! You would be forfeiting the respect of your gentleman friend."

At this sharp reply Ann's spirits wilted considerably, and as the fourth approached her heart grew all the heavier.

"Ill tell you what I'll do," said Ruth one morning to her. "I'll get my brother to take you. I'll tell him to call for you."

Once more sunshine filtered into her soul. Visionary music crashed and she saw a girl in a dainty blue dress sitting near the rail of a majestic excursion boat with a handsome young man at her side. As she sent her dreams spinning, a sharp voice asked, "Do you keep pearl cuff buttons here?" Looking up she saw before her the face of a young stranger who had passed her home several times in a vain effort to see her. He had even taken courage to approach her while at work. This delighted Ann immensely, but she feigned indifference on every occasion. She now waited upon him hurriedly and he, smiling at her, walked out.

That night she rushed home with a singing heart. In her room carefully spread on the bed was the blue dress, her mother's white gloves, and last year's hat. All was ready for the morrow. At two o'clock promptly the next day the door bell rang. Ann rushed to the door and turned the knob. There she stood, utterly incapable of speech. There stood the tall young stranger who had shown such an interest in her the past few weeks.

"May I see Miss Dorlew?"

Ann took a good grip on herself.

"Come right in; I'm Miss Dorlew," she said, trembling. "Why—why do you want to see me?"

"I'm Ruth's brother. Ruth said we were to go up the Hudson together." He looked at her anxiously for verification.

"Oh, yes! Why, certainly!" Happily she rushed up the stairs, put on her hat and was ready. She looked beautiful indeed. The pale blue of her dress harmonized exquisitely with the delicate pink of her cheeks.

As they passed out, Mr. Lansing ventured to remark:

"I work down the street, you know. I pass your house almost every day."

"Do you?" asked Ann joyously. "Why, how strange!"

THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1917.

RESOLVED.

At our commencement we were very much impressed—unfavorably impressed—by a statement made by one of the speakers. As to the percentage of the class completing the course in the prescribed four years or less, we think this showing a poor one.

Why do such a considerable number fail to graduate on schedule time? They may have been retarded by sickness, you hazard. Very true—in two or three cases, but that does not touch the greater number. No! 'tis not ill-health. Indolence, you reply. Quite wrong!—our boys and girls are by no means lazy in the literal sense of the word. They go out for foot-ball and track; they write stories for the ACROPOLIS; they try for the debating team; they, especially the Seniors in their Big Brother movement, succor the younger generation. Besides, many of our more ambitious students work after school and on Saturdays. We could not call our people lazy. We insist that they are not less intelligent than the pupils of other schools, and that they do not find the work too difficult to accomplish in the given space of time. In several cases it may be procrastination. For you will always find a little group, banded together under the motto: "Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow."

But, in our humble opinion, none of these minor menaces is the formidable rock on which our ship founders. What is it?—*Outside Interests!* There the explanation of the unprepared lessons, the unfriendly 6's, the flunks, the retarded graduation. Outside Interest, how we hate you and yet, how we seek you! How you hold out your inviting arms to us! Our will power—our sense of duty, is benumbed. We caress our chains—those gold-plated chains of transitory pleasures. Remember, Outside Interests, we are but human, the bribes you offer us are irresistible—the congenial company of kindred spirits, the lights and the laughter at the dances, the exhilarating gayety of the skating, the ever-changing wonders of the

theatre, the delightful hours with our own sweeter poets—the poets of youth—Keats and Wordsworth, and—best of all!—our precious dream—times!

There is not one of your lures that does not tempt, Outside Interests. Some—oh! enviable beings—have learned to withstand you; they remain unmoved. But—there are many—yes! very many—forty-three per cent. of us, to be exact, you seduce. To-night is the first night of the new term. No longer will we permit the diffusion of our energies; we are resolved to defy you, Outside Interests.—The 'phone!—One moment. * * * Now, long-suffering reader, we explain—a bid to see "Alone At Last" at the "Broad Street." We refused—virtuous of us, is it not? We have been tested—we have conquered you, Outside Interests—this once! Yes! but we shall do it again!—many times before the term ends—on the average of three or four times a week. And at the finish, we *will* win; we will have you, Outside Interests, just where we want you.

PLATOON SYSTEM.

This term it has become necessary to place the entire Freshman class on a two-platoon system. It is indeed a great misfortune to have the school broken up in this way. It not only prevents closer relations with the Freshman, but also gives him no chance to enjoy the privileges of high school life. It does seem a pity that such a city as Newark, which is noted for its educational system, should have to resort to the two-platoon system.

This situation emphasizes the urgent need of a new high school. If the contemplated West Side High School should be built now with a capacity of twelve hundred, it would be filled at the opening, about two years from now, according to the figures of attendance at the Newark high schools, and the percentage of increase of high school pupils. This would mean immediate preparations for the erection of another high school to meet the normal growth of high school attendance. Would it not be advisable to build a high school to accommodate three thousand pupils rather than two, each to accommodate fifteen hundred? As ground space is becoming very expensive and building materials are constantly rising in price, would it not be better to build a high school of five floors to meet the future demand? There are two objections which might be raised against this, first, that one principal would not be able to give enough individual attention to the pupils; second, that five floors would cause too much confusion between periods, and that it would be too laborious to travel from the first to the fifth floor between periods.

We believe that these objections can be met successfully, because Dickinson High School of Jersey City, with a larger capacity than that of Barringer and South Side combined, seems to get along well.

Unless the congestion is relieved very soon the two platoon system will creep into the higher grades and go a long way toward wrecking school spirit and unity, and placing all at a disadvantage. Therefore, here's hoping that we may soon witness the laying of the corner-stone of West Side High School of Newark!

OUR LIBRARY.

There are many pupils who do not know that for two years our library has been the property of the school and under the direction of the Board of Education. It frequently occurs that pupils attempt to return books at the school which were taken out of the Newark Public Library.

Ours is probably the largest and the best conducted high school library in the United States. Visitors come from all sections of the country to view it and to study our system. We have at present about six thousand volumes on all subjects from Fiction to Religion. At the present time the heads of the departments are seeking out all the "dead wood" in order to make room for later and more important volumes. There is not another inch of space available for books. Every shelf is packed to capacity. The number of pupils who are allowed to use the library has been restricted owing to lack of space. This is indeed too bad! The number should not be limited, and would not have to be limited if the space occupied by the text book room on the second floor were given over to the library, and the text books could be placed in the basement. With this additional space the library could be made more attractive and more efficient.

About a year ago a picture department was added. This has grown slowly and many people come to see our collection and to get ideas for their own. The most important magazines of the day are kept for the benefit of the students. In fact, the amount of work to be done is so great that an assistant is necessary to help Miss Dow if the maximum efficiency is to be gained.

Lessons are given to all first year students, in which they are taught how to use the library. These lessons are very helpful, as they not only acquaint the scholar with our own, but they also make clear the system used by the Newark Public Library.

The credit for this excellent department in Barringer goes to Miss Coult, Mr. Dana and "The Newark Free Public Library." Mr. Dana and the Newark Library had much to do with its organization, and Miss Coult is the originator of the system used which has been introduced into many high school libraries of the United States.

We have the best high school library in the land. It is ours to use, not to abuse. Miss Dow is willing to help any and all of us, but she is too busy to be bothered by any misconduct. Those who try to make the library a visiting place should stay out and thus make room for those who wish to make proper use of its facilities.

A WORD TO YOU.

The publishing of the ACROPOLIS is becoming a very expensive task in these war times. Our expenses are ever increasing. Do you know that two years ago we payed one hundred dollars for what we now have to pay one hundred and twenty-five?

Some pupils make unfavorable comment as to the size of the paper. But the size of the paper depends on whether or not you pay your ten cents for a copy each month!! The greater the support, the larger and better the paper. Get behind us and help us to publish a bigger, better paper than ever before. Do it by loyally buying a copy from your agent each month.

HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY, 1917.

4A Room 65. Miss Evelyn Hagadorn, Miss Blanche Halsey, Miss Alice Keehner, Miss Myra Kohn, Mr. Philip Witlock, Miss Nellie Cook, Miss Helen Hallock, Miss Carol Phillippi, Miss Margaret Sawyer, Miss Mildred Vanderhoof, Miss Pauline Werner.
Room 57. Miss Regina Cairns, Miss Elizabeth MacEvoy, Miss Rose Popkin, Miss Edna Holwick, Miss Esther Kroeger, Mr. Bernard Fein, Mr. Sigmund Feller, Mr. Rufus Rickenbacher, Mr. William Rieman, Mr. Alexander Spinner, Mr. John Dana.

4B Room 51. Irving Ams, Helen Clarke, Wesley Jamieson, Edith Potaker, Thomas Urmy, Saul Zucker.
Room 55. George Balchan, Sara Freese, Lillian Handler, Margaret Jacoby, Edith McEwen, Harris Mendelson, Mary Nichols, Lillian Pomeroy, Marie Poland.

3A Room 36. Genevieve Yelton, Gerard Abbot.
Room 63. Sophie Levine.
Room 83. Agnes Bradley, Pauline Wesser.
Room 37. Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Charles Smith, Walter Weinberg.

3B Room 61. Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardiner, Charlotte Silberstein.
Room 56. Burke Boyce, Joseph Crecca, Dudley Foster, Gerard Riccardi.
Room. 26. Mildred Hammell, Harry Schaeffer, Marguerite Schlueter.

2A Room 50. Isabelle Allen, Rose Fried, Jean Judson, Marion Smith, Theresa Walsh.
Room 66. Emily Berndt, Paul Kuebler.
Room 41. Wesley Alheit, Edmund Cox, William Gleim, Russell Sherman.
Room 33. Thomas Savage.

2B Room 43. Paul Gleim.
Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.
Room 93. Mildred Schlueter.
Room 42. Rose Stammelman, Julius Stein.

1A Room 85. Charles Brewer, Frances Gardinier.
Room 86. Lloyd Cox, Estelle Kamm.
Room 59. Rose Froog, Dorothy Hedden, Dorothy McEntee, Muriel Riess, Marguerite Rusby, Kathryn Wotiz.
Room 82. Sidney Ramo.

1B Room 75 A. M. Mildred Ammerman, Fannie Jones, Walter Shroeder, Morris Weckstein, Katherine Wicks, Benjamin Thomas.
Room 81 A. M. Alice Dodge.
Room 81 P. M. Lucille M. Jessurum, James P. Kearney, Edward B. Kirby.
Room 92 A. M. Isabelle Cary, Edna Ahr, Olga Langenecker, Anna Healey.
Room 92 P. M. Philip Nohemie.
Room 95 A. M. Theora Lytle, Ruth Fisher.
Room 95 P. M. Dorothy Simmons, Anna DeHart, Sherwin Corwin, John Corwin.

NEW JERSEY EDITORS' LEAGUE.

The regular monthly meeting, of the New Jersey Editors' League, was held Saturday, January thirteenth, at Montclair High School. The league is composed of editors and associates of a number of high school papers in North Jersey, and its purpose is the betterment of the high school paper.

At this meeting elections for officers were held and resulted as follows: President, Irving Gibson Idler, "THE ACROPOLIS," Barringer High School, Vice-Pres., Miss Sharnard, Montclair High School, Treasurer, Miss Herneckowity, "The Optimist," South Side High School and Recording Secretary, William Reilly, "The Orient," East Side High School, Corresponding Secretary, Harold Kirkman, of Union Hill High School.

There are at present ten high schools which are members of this league. They are: Barringer, Dickinson, East Orange, Mountclair, South Side, East Side, Plainfield, Union Hill, Emerson, and Paterson. There is no doubt that the league will grow fast and in time comprise all of the more important high schols of Northern New Jersey. The meetings are very interesting and helpful and we hope to use many little things learned at the meetings in improving our paper.

THE SANCTUM.

About this time of the year it becomes necessary to remind the students of the fact that "The Sanctum" is for the board members only! "The Sanctum" must be left unlocked for the convenience of board members, and some uninvited persons find their way in. We appeal to your sense of fairness and ask it as a favor that you stay out of "The Sanctum" unless you are a member of the board or have business there!

A word might be added to the effect that in the future, classes or clubs who use "The Sanctum" as a dressing room or make-up room might be so good as to leave it in *nearly* as good condition as they find it!!

EMILY ALLEN, *Ch.*
EMMA ANTZ

ALFRED LIPPMAN
YARDLEY CHITTICK

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

School Spirit! What do we mean by School Spirt? More specifically, just what is the Spirit of Barringer? To some it seems to mean merely coming to school at 8:57 in the morning and leaving at 2:31 in the afternoon, and if a spirit of generosty takes hold of them they might condescend to attend a football game. But it really means a great deal more than that. The *true* Spirit of Barringer High School is to do something for yourself and at the same time to do something for your school. In the first place it means study, (this is not an autobiography), do your best in all your work. It is true that in doing this you help the school to a certain extent, but there are also other things to do. Join the clubs which you believe will both interest and benefit you. Become a member of your class organization. Go out for some team! Do *something,* even if you are not particularly adept at the thing you go out for. Do your best. That is all that is asked.

There are many organizations in the school and so varied is their work, that every boy and every girl can find some club which they can help and which will help them.

Every boy in the school should belong to the Athletic Association. We are leaders in several branches of athletics, and if you want to feel a share of the honor and responsibility for this success, go to Mr. Johnson in Room 45, give him your quarter, and then you can feel that you are really a contributor to Barringer's athletic success. The chance for the girls as well as the boys to show their interest in athletics comes when our teams play and at whatever sport it might be, be sure that *you* are there rooting "for all you are worth."

The Rostrum is one of our growing organizations which every Senior and Junior interested in public speaking should join.

The Sophomores have the Civics club, which, in addition to encouraging public speaking takes an interest in matter of civic importance.

All ye who are musical should join the orchestra or one of the Glee Clubs, and make your influence felt.

For the followers of Thespis, Barringer has the Thalians. They put the "Tradesman turned Gentleman" over in such a way that anyone joining may feel sure their time will not be wasted.

The Science Club will be found of great benefit to any student of Science.

The latest offspring of the Science Club is the Radio Club, which has rigged up a wireless and received returns of football games and many other interesting morsels of news. Join them in their work, they need your help.

The French Circle and German Club hold monthly meetings which are instructive as well as entertaining to the students of these languages who are members.

Again, the newly formed Battalion offers every boy in school an opportunity to improve his physical well being, to gain some knowledge of military training and to fit himself to defend his country in case of need.

Last, but by no means least, is the Acropolis Board. Every time the opportunity offers itself, come out and try for a position on the Board. If you don't win out the first time, try again until you do win a place on the Board of the widely known ACROPOLIS. *Come out for the Board!* If you can't do this help the Board in their work. BUY THE ACROPOLIS!! There certainly should be more than 1,200 dimes in the school the day when the ACROPOLIS comes out!!

Look this partial list of school activities over and see what YOU can do, then do it. Each high school is an eight oared shell. Barringer is one of these shells. Each class pulls an oar. If there are but a few members of a class who don't take the proper interest, Barringer is still able to keep her place among the leaders. If one oar lags near the finish because the rowers have used up all their strength, there will be no cause for complaint. But if they "lay down" without trying there is evidence that Barringer lacks the proper spirit. If you agree with us and you haven't done your share for the school, start now and pull with all your might and main. Then will the Spirit of Barringer shine forth in all its glory and all our efforts will be crowned with success.

CIVICS CLUB.

The Civics Club, of Barringer, held a regular monthly meeting on Jan. 19, 1917. As usual the topic for discussion was an interesting and timely one. "The High Cost of Living" was discussed in a way that would have imparted a great deal of useful knowledge to the entire school if it could have heard it. The causes were given by Guiliano Addonizio and Charles Armstrong and the remedies by Miss Rosalie Gross and Miss Mildred Taylor. Current Topics were discussed by Miss Wintermute.

Mr. Frank G. Gilman of the History Department organized the Civics Club at the beginning of last term. Since then it has made rapid strides toward success. The interest of the members in civic affairs has been increased, the members have improved their power of speaking in public and a feeling of sociability has sprung up among the members. This term a number of the more active members have become juniors, so it remains for you who have just become "Sophs" to "put your shoulders to the wheel" and keep the Civics Club going with its usual "pep."

GOOD LUCK TO YOU.

We regret to say that Mr. Meier, who has been our laboratory assistant for a year, has left us. He is going to Columbia, where he will make a special study of physics and chemistry, which he intends to teach.

Mr. Meier was a member of the class of June, '13. During the first year after his graduation he worked in the American Platinum Works. He spent the next year and a half at Rutgers; and then came back to his Alma Mater as laboratory assistant. He was an able worker and well liked by the students. Perhaps he will come again, as an esteemed teacher of Science.

Lincoln Gaiser, of the class of Jan., '17, has taken Mr. Meier's place in the laboratory.

THALIAN MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Thalians was held in Room 31, on January eleventh. They decided to give a dance in the gymnasuim in the near future along with a short play. We hope that, when these take place, a large part of the school will attend. After the usual business was concluded, Mr. Milwitsky gave a most interesting talk on "Lord Dunsany," the popular English playwright, and his plays, reading selections from several of them.

THE DANCING CLASS.

On January 18, the Thursday noon dancing class of the term came to a close. At the outset, prospects of a good class were rather gloomy, owing to the fact that the students did not respond quickly enough. But, as soon as it won a reputation for itself, it gained rapidly in numbers until at the end of the semester the gymnasuim was comfortably filled with dancers at the appointed hour. Most of the credit for the success of this class must go to Miss Patrick and Miss Punzelt, who did everything they could to make it one of the best Barringer has ever had. If another class is formed this term, fellow-students, come out, enjoy yourselves and learn something that will be of use to you in future years.

MORNING EXERCISES.

On Wednesday, January tenth, instead of having our regular singing period we had something different. After the regular opening exercises, we were favored by a piano solo, entitled, "The Fishermaidens," played by Edith Potaker. Then came a very interesting contest in singing by members of three fundamental classes in singing. each class in turn sang the same familiar song, "To You," and after all had competed, Miss Westwood announced the winning class. As a finale, the Boys' Glee Club favored us with a chorus, "Kentucky Babe," by Giebel. We appreciate the work of Miss Darnell in getting up these short musical programs and we hope the custom will continue this term.

SCIENCE CLUB.

In January, the Science Club held its last meeting of the term. The following program was given.

1. Science Work in the Schools of Scotland—Harris Mendelsonn.
2. Liquid Air—Eleanor Weber.
3. The Hatting Industry—Cornelia Sayre.
4. Clocks—Russell Rabone.

The Science Club has some very interesting meetings and we are sure more pupils should be interested in the Club this term.

FAREWELL, AAAA'S.

On Friday evening, January twenty-sixth, the 4A's ended their careers at Barringer. As has been the custom for several terms, no play was given; but a very fine speaker, Bishop Lines of Newark Diocese addressed the class. A new custom was introduced and in spite of much opposition—the girls graduated in "Middies"—As Mr. Stearns said, "The girls never looked nicer." The program was as follows:

Spanish Dance in C Major.....*Moskowski*
Orchestra
Violin Solo—Theme and Variations in G Major
Abel del Vecchio *Dancla*
Anvil Chorus—"Il Trovatore".....*Verdi*
Senior Class
Address.....Rt. Rev. Edwin S. Lines, D. D.
Solo—"Dost Thou Know" (Mignon)...*Thomas*
Myra Kohn
Presentation of Class for Graduation
Wayland E. Stearns
Awarding of Diplomas
Dr. Addison B. Poland
City Superintendent of Schools

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

FACULTY

Mr. W. E. Stearns
25 Mr. R. Mezger
26 Mr. W. W. King
27 Miss K. E. Rudd, Book Room
31 Mr. W. Milwitsky
32 Miss M. H. Richards
33 Mr. P. Nicklas
35 Miss M. L. Hewitt
36 Dr. B. C. Mathews
37 Miss E. Hardin
39 Miss G. L. Darnell
41 Mr. A. V. Taylor
42 Miss N. Hill
43 Mr. H. G. Snavely
45 Mr. A. Johnson
50 Miss A. F. M. Thorp
51 Mr. M. L. Barr
53 Miss M. Dow, Library
55 Miss H. M. Coult
56 Miss C. I. Pullin
57 Miss M. A. Smith
59 Miss J. A. Field
60 Mr. B. S. Haggett
61 Miss K. F. Belcher
63 Miss G. S. Grork
65 Mr. F. G. Gilman
66 Mrs. O. Caspari
67 Mr. J. M. Wood, Jr.
69 Miss P. M. Weiss
75 Miss C. S. Romer
76 Mr. D. H. Nester
77 Mr. W. J. Dumm
81 Mr. F. I. Losee
Miss H. B. Dean
82 Mr. I. K. Ellis, a. m.
83 Mr. R. H. Hart, a. m.
83 Mr. H. Pritchard, p. m.
85 Miss R. E. Robinson, a. m.
85 Miss M. H. Frary, p. m.
86 Mr. F. Crosse, a. m.
86 Mr. H. M. Dann, p. m.
87 Miss L. M. North, a. m.
87 Miss M. Frost, p. m.
91 Mr. G. W. Stone, a. m.
91 Mr. R. F. Haulenbeek, p. m.
92 Miss R. S. Brettle, a. m.
92 Miss T. Skidmore, p. m.
93 Mr. W. C. Barbour, p. m.
95 Miss M. H. Price, a. m.
95 Miss E. C. Zangler, p. m.
1 Mrs. V. Bishop
2 Mrs. A. A. Vreeland
3 Mr. W. B. Gardner
18 Mr. C. F. Stonesifer
90 Mr. A. R. Jayson
96 Miss F. M. Thomas
97 Miss N. Antz
93 Miss P. J. Rowden
99 Mr. W. L. Noll
Miss R. E. Rine
Miss A. L. Patrick, Gym.
Miss H. J. Punzelt, Gym.
Mr. W. G. Broadhead, Gym.
Mr. L. H. Field, Gym.
Miss L. Stanley, Gym.
Miss R. McGrath
Mrs. M. O. Nicholls, Lunch Room

TESTIMONIALS FOR LAST TERM.

4A. Room 57. Bernard Fein, Sigmund Feller, Esther Kroeger, William Rieman, Harry Wüensch, Alexander Spinner, Regina Cairns.
Room 65. Rose Cryan, Evelyn Hagadorn, Blanche Halsey, Alice Keehner, Myra Kohn, Nellie Cook, Carol Phillippi, Margaret Sawyer.

4B. Room 51. Edith Potaker, Saul Zucker.
Room 55. Edith McEwen, Lillian Pomeroy.

3A. Room 37. Fred Green, Louis Kanengeser, Charles Smith.
Room 31. Muller De Van.
Room 36. Lucille Hammond, Eleanor Weber.
Room. 83. Pauline Wesser, Dorothea Schiffmeyer.

3B. Room 26. Mildred Hammell, Marguerite Schlueter.
Room 56. Burke Boyce, Dudley Foster, Raymond Grasso, Gerard Riccardi, Jean Urquhart.
Room 61. Mary Fisher, Grace Vogt.
Room 63. Morris Berg.

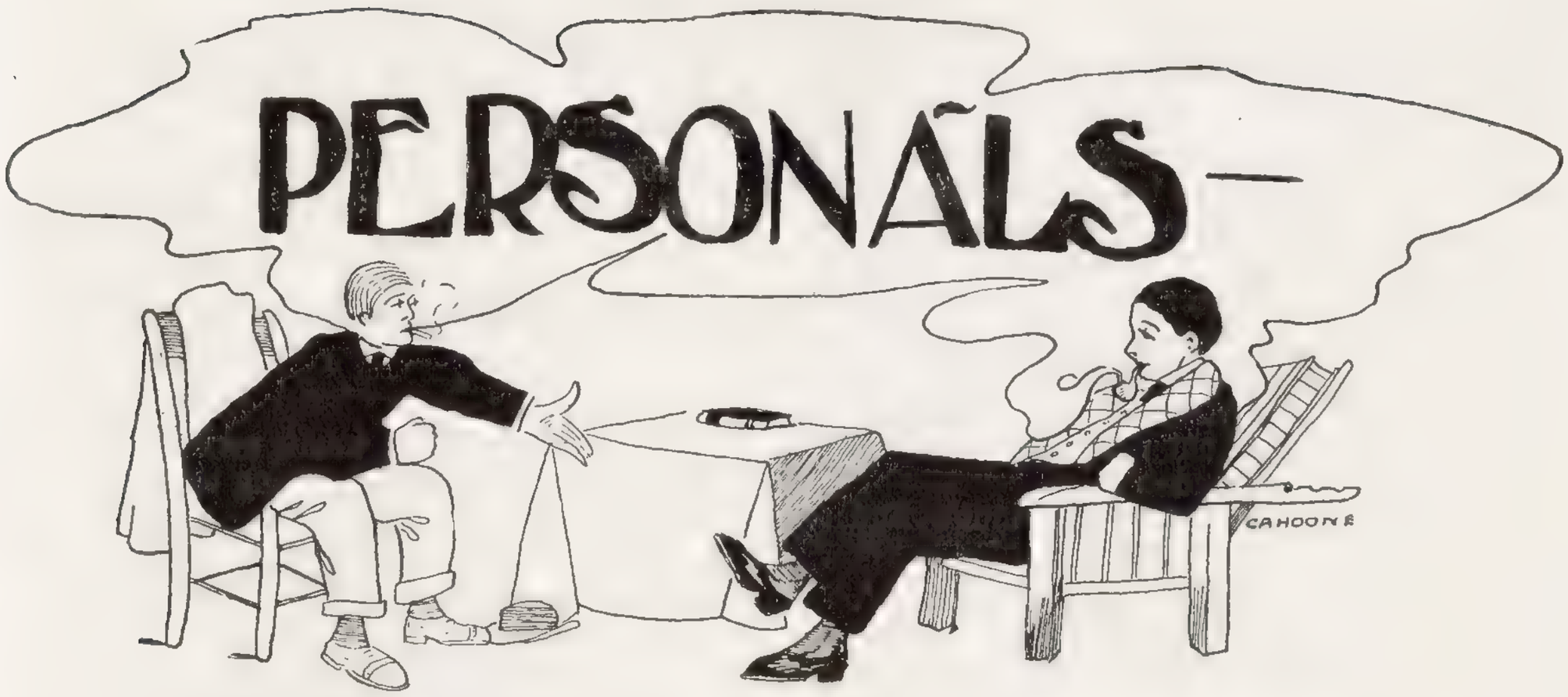
2A. Room 50. Isabelle Allen, Rose Freed, Jean Judson, Marion Smith, Theresa Walsh.
Room 41. Ursley Alheit, William Gleim.
Room 66. Edna Altemiller, Dorothy Prell, Elsie Steinmetz.
Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.

2B. Room 43. Paul Gleim.
Room 45. William Fleishfarb, Clarissa Hulse.
Room 35. Anita Ure.
Room 87. Anna Kabis.
Room 86. Mercedes Burnette, Estelle Kamm.
Room 69. Elizabeth Bolland.
Room 67. Ruth Kilpatrick, Louis Spinning, Garrett Stearly, Dorothy Van Emburg.

1A. Room 59. Rose Froog, Dorothy Hedden, Kathryn Wotiz.
Room 82. Sidney Ramo.
Room 85. Charles Brewer, Gordon Rogers, Dorothy Work, Frances Gardiner.
Room 93. Mildred Schlueter.

1B. Room 76, A. M. Lena Olshan, Anna Shoek.
Room 81, P. M. Edward Kirby.

(*Continued on Page* 21.)



NORMAN BERRY, *Ch.*
SANFORD GREGORY

GRACE CAIRNS

STANLEY JACOBUS
WALTER TAYLOR

CASHIMURA NOGO.

(He goes skating.)

Dear Ed. of ACROP. Trash:

I think I shall return to Hon. Nippon land where skating are inevitable because of heated climate.

One afternoon, the other day, about a week ago, last month when skatering are elegance Jap boy make way Lakeward after ordinary hour of constraint in Room of Detainment, avec too (?) clubbed skates and complimentary strappers. Arive a boathousum, skates are applied and Jap boy, complete with conference, step to glaze of Lake surface, immeadiate to make close contact with thudding squash of nose and complete face when nose are indented, to ice. Hon. cop are pick I'm up and attach me to rope with both of hands and two feet around wooden support. There stationed I regard my face with hands to see what damage are confiscated to features. As soon as hands are remove from Hon. hemp rope, equilibrium is depart and rite ear become affectioniate with ice, both feet (?) making barbed wire entanglation with rope & pole with danger sign. Cop canter up and say "Here you yung bum leggo that rope, d'youse want ter drown someone?"

Here I intermit that my name are not Yung Bum, that I are not of Chinese originality but are dissented from famous Samuri wariors of Nippon fame. "He whelp, 'I don't give Adarn, leggo that rope."

Ie reply, feeling of 1 ear on right side of cranium, which are rapidly and stedily enlarging self to size of collarflower, that I have no further interest in proceedings and that I much have desire to be put to bed.

Cop help me into Boathows and after fervent application of frigid H_2O to aurificle extremety I proceed homeward.

After block of pedestrianal progress, I notice something rong with feet, they not go rite. I look down and see strappers around ankles. I renig, "What are them, Nogo?" Soon I percieve. "I have left my skaters on." With frequent fingers I remove same, and use beautifully lubricated Jap words of cuss. When both are off I hurl them forcefully over bridge without looking downward.

Soon cries of indigernation are wafted uply. I lean over railing. Another cop are below, gallantly standing on 1 foot while indeavoring to place other foot in mouth. Between mouthfuls he holler, shaking fisk to my face, (though I are safe on bridge): "Yung Bum! Yung Bum! You are heave skates upon my tow, you have shaved my face, F' I ketch y' I'll pinch y'. My tow are now incapacitate."

I are thouroughly agitate upon agin being assaulted with Chinese Cognomen, so leaning far over railing, I confiscate at heighth of voice "I don't give Adarn." I then proceed homeward at running pace, industriously pursued by cop.

Next time some more.

CASHIMURA NOGO.

P. S.—If any one shall interrogate you if Nogo will join Hockey team, replicate No! Nein! Nit!

C. N.

Sammy—Next to me, who would you rather see?

Dotty—Next to you, I'd rather see me.

Teacher—You know that the people now-a-days die younger than they used to. Look at our ancestors. They lived to be eighty of ninety years old.

Voice in rear—Yes, but they are all dead now.

Ecker—Say, Ed., do you know a person who is very dangerous?

Barney—Yes, you can't put one over on me. Why one who takes life cheerfully.

HOTEL PARADISE.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. Guests wishing to do a little driving before breakfast will find a hammer and nails handy. We also keep a dog that is a little buggy.

2. Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.

3. Guests wishing to rise early can have either self-raising flour or yeast for supper.

4. If you wish to practice baseball, you will find a pitcher on the stand.

5. Don't worry about the board bill the hotel is supported by its foundation.

6. In case of fire open the window and see the fire escape.

IN PHYSICS.

Mr. Jayson—Did anyone ever hear of money being damp?

Berry—Yes. It's due in the morning and mist at night.

IN 31.

Mr. Milwitsky—In France duels are easily and quickly arranged. It only takes two seconds to arrange one.

1st 4A—You know, a college student is just like a thermometer.

2nd 4A—How's that?

1st 4A—Why, he's graduated and marked by degrees.

Thorn—It's a good thing Kaiser never falls down when he's on the ice."

Stauffer—Why?

Thorn—Because he'd rock himself to sleep getting up.

"Ignorant people ask more questions than wise men can answer."

Note—No wonder so many of us flunk out on exams.

J. O. Florence—What makes that boy so hump-backed?

Schlosser—Smokes Camel cigarettes, I guess.

Stude—I thought you said that Washington was a very honest man.

Teacher—So he was.

Stude—Then why do they close all the banks on his birthday?

Teacher—Williams, you talk like a chicken drinks.

English Teacher—When don't we use commas?

Bright Stude—When we're short of ink.

Teacher (explaining about a bull fight)—And there were big doors where the bull came out.

PERSONALS.

Room 86 certainly is a chilly place with Miss North there in the morning and Miss Frost in the afternoon.

Mildred Short would like to have it announced, in the ACROPOLIS, that she passed Chemistry this term.

On a 1B Exam. Paper in English; "The Thrashing (Thracian) Maidens were great workers."

Gregory—Gee! But war is awful; food, clothing and even elevators are going up.

OUR BATTALION.

Major Cement.
General Nuisance.
Corporal Punishment.
Private Property.

IN ENGLISH.

Teacher—For to-morrow's homework you may prepare an *oral theme*. 500 words long.

HEARD FROM WALTON.

"Gee! I'll break my neck if I don't get my seat in auditorium changed."

"Dot's right, Francis."

APOLOGIES.

Apologies to last month's ACROPOLIS for a mistake in the print.

At the Newton Football Game.

Casler to Dempsey—Hey Bob, I wonder if there's anything good in this burg."

Bob.—Sure.

Les.—Gee! what?

Bob.—The first train out.

A LIMERICK.

Johnny was a naughty boy,
A naughty boy was he.
To school oft would he go
No Latin did he know—
Such a boy was Johnny.

So Johnny one fine day
Decided he'd quit this way,
'Nother day did he decide
On a pony he would ride—
Such a boy was Johnny.

On horse did he progress
But soon got in a mess,
A teacher he did meet
'Gainst whom horse met defeat—
A sad boy was Johnny.

Bellah (ushering at commencement)—Wait till this number on the programme is over, please, then go to "I" and take the fourth seat.

Prof. (having asked that the clock be repaired)—Is the clock gone?
Janitor—No, but it's going!

Teacher (rapping on desk)—Order! Order!
Student—Ham and eggs, please!

He—What do you think of our Preparedness movement?
She—Oh, I wouldn't mind being in arms!

THE RISE AND FALL.

Scribbler—I sent the editor a long essay on the Roman Empire.
Bibbler—What did you get for it?
Scribbler—The editor sent me a short note on the decline of the Roman Empire.—*Judge*.

Ask Mr. Lippman why he never fails to check *his* shoes when he goes skating.

ADVICE TO THE WON B'S.

Now you little one B's,
Restless as the C's,
Take your studies with E's,
And don't catch the D's E's,
Of trying to T's.
Just mind your P's and Q's,
And a little judgment U's.
Thus by opening your I's,
You'll soon get Y's,
And instead of being J's,
Be big Senior A's.

Wise Guy—Hey, you! Come here a minute.
1B—Yes, sir.
W. G.—Tell me all you know.

IN 55.

Miss C.—For to-morrow take the life of Ruskin.
Voice from the rear—I wish we could, but he's dead already.

What's the difference between a sick elephant and a dead bee?
Answer—The one is a seedy beast and the other a bee deceased.

Fierce lessons,
Late hours,
Unexpected company,
Nothing prepared.
Knocked standing. —*Ex.*

37.

Miss Dillworth (to pupil)—You are mighty interesting! I think I will have a session with you after school.

Idler (in a rush to get somewhere)—Say, Berry, haven't you got a Ford around here?
Berry—Honest no. You can search me!

THE PERFECT DAY.

When you've started the day with a bunch of pep,
And a zest for the old ham and—
When you've swung the work with a springy step
As the tasks of the day you've planned;
When you've pitched right in and raised merry hob
With the work that you found to do,
With a brain so clear that the meanest job
Was easy as pie for you—
Then the feeling you have as you hit the hay
Is a feeling of great content,
And that is the end of a perfect day,
Of a day that has well been spent.

—*Ex.*

IN ROOM 60.

Teacher—What do you know about "Il Penseroso"?
Minster (dreamily)—It's the best ten-cent cigar on the market.

Actually heard from Barney himself—I often wondered why the girls smiled at me, but now I know that they're laughing at me.

LATIN TRANSLATION?

Soror sua, femina lectissima—His sister, a most pleasing man.

MODERN ARITHMETIC.

Mr. Dumm—Guineas are worth five dollars each.
Much laughter.

BARRINGER PLAYS.

The Man Who Came Back—Tommy Schneider.
Nothing But the Truth—Our excuses from recitations.
Daddy Long-Legs—We mention no names.
Manhattan Madness—Barney's recitations.
The Libertine—Casler after detention.
Have a Heart—What we say in the office.
In for the Night—Detention room.
Treasure Island—The office during the chocolate sale.

There is a young "student" named Perry,
Who uses his "fliv" like a ferry;
When coming to school
It's jammed like a pool;
Now what will become of poor Perry?

Stude (asked to give the principal parts of "decerno")—Decerno—de-canary — de-gravy — de-gratum.

To envied Miss Betsey McA.,
Our devoirs we now duly pay.
Her smiles she keeps active,
(She *knows* they're attractive!)
Oh, what conquests Miss B. can display!

IN ROOM 18.

Mr. Stonesifer—Dunn!
Dunn—Yes, sir, almost.

EXAMS.

1B—Ulysses finally consented that Eurylochus divide each man in half.

4B—What's the difference between a "Co(u)lt" and a pony?
4A—One helps you in English, the other hinders you in Latin.

A GIVE-AWAY.

Teacher (dictating Latin composition)—Tell me, where is thy horse?
Startled Stude—Under my chair, sir; but I wasn't using it.

Teacher—What's that rumbling in the corridor, Neal?
Judd—Oh, that's Ten Eyck talking to himself.

"Babe" McEwen's the pride of her class;
In her studies she'll always surpass;
But she's quite debonair,
And, to judge from her *hair,*
There's excitement *ahead* for the lass!

Sachs—Say, Irving are you going to pass German?
Idler—Yes, I guess I'll pass over it again.

Prof.—Why didn't the government keep Sampson in Florida?
Bright—I guess they couldn't afford to keep the navy in Florida water.

QUESTIONS ASKED BY 1B'S.

Where is the lunch room?
Who rings all the bells?
Which fellow is Dempsey?
Is that the editor?
Where do we go now?
I wonder if I could play on the teams?
Do you think there will be a personal in about me.

1st boob—What is the middle of your face?
2nd boob—Why, I guess it must be your nose.
1st Boob—Why?
2nd boob—Well, isn't it the scenter?

Yardley Chittick has studied, they say,
The French language by night and by day,
Until "vraiment" it seems
He spouts French in his dreams—
Wants French parts in each Thalian play!

The fact that he's such a good sport,
(Plus the wish for a firm friend at court,)
Has made Mr. Losee
A subject for poesie!
He's O. K.—just believe our report!

HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR.

Thorne—Who was made first, Adam or Eve?
Stauffer—Why, I don't know. How can you prove it?
Thorne—Well you'll admit Eve was the first maid, won't you?

G. Judson—What do you suppose the mermaids tie the hair up with?
Bill—What?
Gladys—Why, a marine band!!!

Prof.—Where is your home-work?
Luckless Stude—Home.
Prof.—I guess that's why they call it home-work.

Girls! The fancy-dance class in the Gym.
Is well warranted to make you slim!
T'would e'en stretch without fail
The *neck* of any male,
If we all weren't so proper and prim!

SHOCKING!

Barney—Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?
Maguire—That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed out loud.

Freshie—What's the Liberty Bell?
Soph.—The bell that rings at 2.30.

HISTORY IN 83.

Prof.—What are the American soldiers doing in Mexico?
Sammy—Coming home.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

While Mohammed was converting the people he was often killed.

Lewi—Do you know that a person can be in two places at once? He can go to Europe and be home-sick.
Walton—Yes, and I can go to English class and be in Dutch!

Boyce—Which has more lives, a frog or a cat?
Bellah—A frog, because it croaks every night.

"Dear departed" Jean Johnson we mourn—
His charms long our school did adorn.
Those mysterious eyes!
Those frowns—sulky?—no! wise!
Since he left we've been truly forlorn.

I. GIBSON, CH.

Irving Idler's a fine ed-in-chief,
(Though the work he assigns causes grief.)
As for looks—his blonde curls
Seem to fascinate girls!
He is rather attractive, in brief.

Van Houten—I like a teacher who can let a joke pass once in a while.

Noble—I guess you stand a good chance of being passed.

A new bunch of rules of etiquette is being formed. Read the following:

Miss Antz (to member of the Board)—I think you *are* coming to the meeting with me!!

Later—

Emma—I guess you *will have* to skate with me.

Teacher—What is the analysis of evidence?

Benjamin—You take it all apart and—

Voice in rear—You're thinking of a Ford.

NOTICE!

One of the faculty suddenly became an authority on baby carriages!

Barney—You know if I was ever getting married I would marry my intellectual inferior.

Kilgus—Impossible!

Miss Hill—If a ball is placed in water and the water rises one inch, what do you know?

Thickness—You have more water!

Teacher—Define an electric light.

1B—It's something that when you turn it on, it shows you that your face is dirty!

Boyce is in love, but he seems to be a little *"green"* at it.

Teacher—No talking allowed!

Harrison—Very well! I'll talk quietly.

Time—During the exams.
Place—On the lake in the park.
Characters—
He—(we wouldn't dare mention any names.)
1st She—May Knust.
2nd She—Madeline Holter.
He (trembling)—Won't you skate with me?
1st She—Well-er-er-er-I don't—well.
2nd She—Now-er-a-well-I think—
He—Aw, I can't skate anyhow—Exit.

Teacher—If the II's (pies) cancel, what are left?

Bright—Why, the plates.

IN 37.

Laifer (describing testimonial evidence)—A lady stabbed a man and another man who was outside said he heard the shot!

Kaiser—How did you enjoy yourself at the deaf mute's ball?

Lippman—Oh! I had a fine time swinging dumb-belles around.

A Fort Terrier is a dog of war!

TESTIMONIALS FOR LAST TERM.

(*Continued from page* 16.)

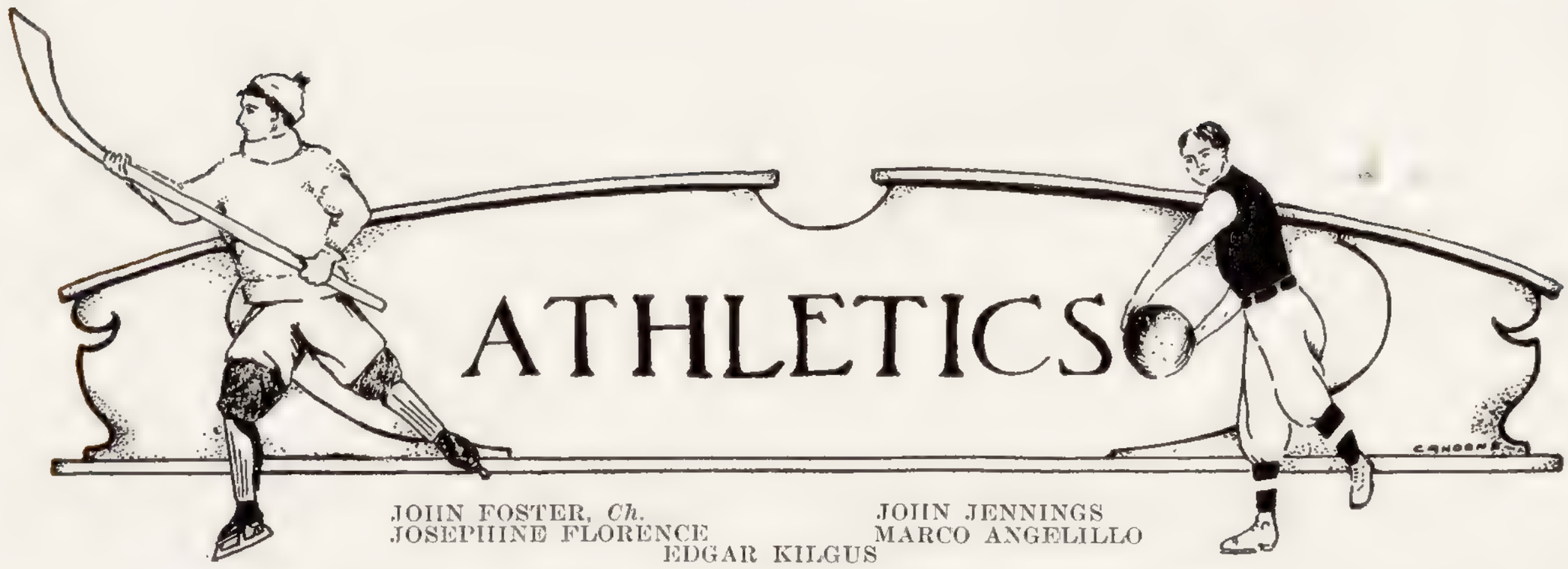
Room 75, A. M. Mildred Amerman, Fannie Jones, Walter Schroeber, Benjamin Thomas, Morris Weckstein, Katherine Wicks.
Room 75. Peter Strebinger.
Room 92, A. M. Abie Bender, Margaret Mashek, Phillip Nohemie.
Room 92, P. M. Isabelle Cary, Olga Sangenecker.
Room 91, P. M. Bernice Cooper, Louise Durand, Mary Meeker.
Room 95, A. M. Anna Dempsey, Ruth Fisher, Theora Lytle.
Room 95, P. M. John Cairns, Sherman Corwin, Anna De Hart.

JANUARY, '17.

At the last meeting of the late Senior A class it was decided that a sociable should be held in the gymnaisum. William Reiman was appointed chairman of the committee and the date of the sociable was set for Thursday, January the twenty-fifth. The Barringer orchestra played for the dancing, which consumed most of the afternoon, and the committee served refreshments at five o'clock, in the lunch room.

Class Night on Wednesday, January the twenty-fourth a play was presented by a cast, selected from the members of the class, and coached by Mr. Barr. The farce, called "Next Door," was a success and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Following the farce, Mr. Urmy, president of the Senior B class, was presented with the key of knowledge by Ogden Smith the Senior A class treasurer. The audience was held in breathless suspence during Ogden Smith's satiric speech to Mr. Urmy, and as that worthy gentleman was about to reply in the same manner as he had been addressed, the stage curtain refused to support him and he disappeared within its folds. The entertaining evening ended with the singing of the class song.

Bishop Lines was the commencement speaker, and delivered an appropriate and inspiring address to the class on Friday night, January the twenty-sixth. The class then sang the "Anvil Chorus" and their class song. The diplomas were presented by Dr. Poland.



JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.* JOHN JENNINGS
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE MARCO ANGELILLO
EDGAR KILGUS

BARRINGER IS DEFEATED.

Barringer was defeated in her first hockey game by South Side. The contest was a hard one for both teams. The Barringer team showed a great need of practice, in fact, nothing that might be called team work was exhibited by the blue and white puck chasers. South Side was not much better although they showed a smattering of team work at times.

The game up to the last few moments of play was a tie when Seaman of South Side made a hero of himself by shooting the puck between the uprights for the needed point.

Chittick was easily the star of the game as his speed and head work put him far in advance of the rest. The line up:

Barringer		South Side
Bradley		Kohn
	Goal	
McCutcheon		Schwartz
	Point	
Sachs		De Vita
	Coverpoint	
Barling		Mason
	Rover	
Schaeffer		Lewis
	Center	
Neal		Gardner
	Left wing	
Chittick		Seaman
	Right Wing	

Score at half time—Barringer two, South Side, one. Final score—South Side three, Barringer two. Goals—Seaman two, Gardner, Neal, Chittick. Referee—Percy Parsons. Timer—Ray De Jonge. Time of periods—Twenty minutes.

BARRINGER WINS.

Our hockey team had very little difficulty in defeating Battin High. The game, which was played at Branch Brook, was a one-sided affair Barringer winning by a score of 5-0.

The blue and white team work had greatly improved and our forwards found little difficulty in locating the goal. Chittick and Schaeffer were easily the stars of the game. At no part of the game was Battin dangerous. In fact in the second period Barringer successfully used several substitutes.

The line up:

Barringer H. S.		Battin H. S.
Bradley		McCarthy
	goal	
Sachs		Brennan
	points	
Minster		Richart
	cover points	
Barling		Thockmore
	rover	
Schaeffer		Bauers
	center	
Chittick		Barnard
	left wing	
Neal		Machnet
	right wing	

Goals 1st period—Schaeffer from scrimmage, thirteen minutes. Schaeffer on Neal's rebound, fifteen minutes. Chittick from scrimmage, seventeen minutes.

Second period—Chittick from scrimmage, twelve minutes. Barling on Chittick's rebound, thirteen minutes.

Referee—D. C. Alexander, East Orange H. S.; Assistant referee, Allen Bates, Battin; time, keeper, Charles Schneider, Central H. S. Time of halves, twenty minutes each. Substitutes—For Barringer: Herbell for Sachs, McCutcheon for Barling, Gibbons for Herbell.

BARRINGER AGAIN DEFEATED IN AQUATIC MEET.

The Blue and White swimmers came short of taking the measure of the Townsends in the meet with them. The fact that our team was still out of form at the time accounts for our being defeated by the score of 40-10. I must say that our friend E. Barney showed lots of pluck in this contest. Barling and Thorne also showed good form. Barney captured third place in the dive for form and in the 220-yard swim, while Barling placed in the 50-yard swim and the dive for form and Thorne placed in the plunge. Ecker again survived in the 100-yard swim.

TENNIS NOTES.

Barringer was well represented in the Jr. Metropolitan Tennis Tournament. In fact, Barringer was one of the last high schools to remain in the running. Wack and Smith who were the Barringer players were put out in the third round in the doubles and the second round in the singles. Our players deserve credit for their showing.

BARRINGER SCORES.

Due to the sterling work of Captain Witsell, Ten Eyck and Chittick, Barringer was able to gather in seven points in the Poly Prep. meet. Witsell and Ten Eyck each were able to annex a second place, the former in the pole vault and the latter in the hurdle. Chittick was only able to secure third place in the 880.

However the showing made by Barringer was not good. More material is needed. Come on out, some of you big "husky" fellows, show some pep and help replace the Barringer track team on the athletic map.

When Central loses Coach Carl Anderson, the city will lose one of the ablest track coaches in this part of the country. Mr. Anderson is returning to Sweden to resume his work there. Although we regret to see him go we wish to extend to him our sincerest wishes for success in his new position.

DE WITT OUTSWIMS BARRINGER.

Although our team is young it showed much "pep" in its initial meet against the strong aquatic combination of De Witt Clinton High School of New York. De Witt captured first place in all the events except the relay. "Gil" Gregory, "Burt" Barling, and "Dan" Ecker swam the best for Barringer. The summary:

25-yard swim—Won by De Witt, second, Barling, Barringer, third, G. Gregory, Barringer.

50-yard swim—Won by De Witt, second, G. Gregory, Barringer, third, De Witt.

100-yard swim—Won by De Witt, second, De Witt, third, Ecker, Barringer.

100-yard relay—Won by Barringer (G. Gregory, S. Gregory, Mr. Barney, B. Barling) time 55 3/5 seconds.

Plunge for time—Won by De Witt, second, De Witt, third Ten Eyck, Barringer.

AT LAST.

To some of our older pupils this paragraph will be a great surprise. It sounds impossible, but oft times the impossible happens. Well, here goes. We put it all over the faculty. What!!! Yes, in bowling. It occurred on the eventful twentieth of January. The boy wonders were Wood, Walsh, Duncan, Muller, Pavese, Mutschler. The faculty were Mr. Stearns, Mr. Nester, Mr. Wood, Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Losee. The first game was 714 to 643 in favor of the students while the second game was 776 to 725 in favor of the students again. Congratulations to Mr. Losee for developing a team good enough to trim himself and his team.

GRADUATE NOTES.

Barringer is well represented in Princeton University. Graduates attending Princeton are: '17, A. A. Schmon, W. L. Dempsey, '18, J. A. Machin, '19, C. E. Holman, R. S. Urmy, R. C. Whitman, and '20, C. V. Sandell.

William P. Saunier was elected assistant football manager for next fall at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

William Crecca, B. H. S. '12, was one of the three in the graduating class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, to receive the key of the honorary Greek letter Society. He was also temporarily his professor's assistant.

Lincoln Gaisier, B. H. S. '17, was appointed assistant in the Chemistry Dept. of our high school.

Herbert Diamond, B. H. S., '16, is going to change from N. Y. Dental to Tuft's.

Bob Pennell is one of the mainstays of the Columbia crew.

Ephraim Eisenberg, B. H. S., Feb., '15, has had his scholarship extended at N. Y. U.

Benjamin Weiss, B. H. S., '15, intends to enter Savage's Training School this term.

Bart. Strahn wonders why the senior A's laughed when he suggested that the class use paper flowers instead of real ones.

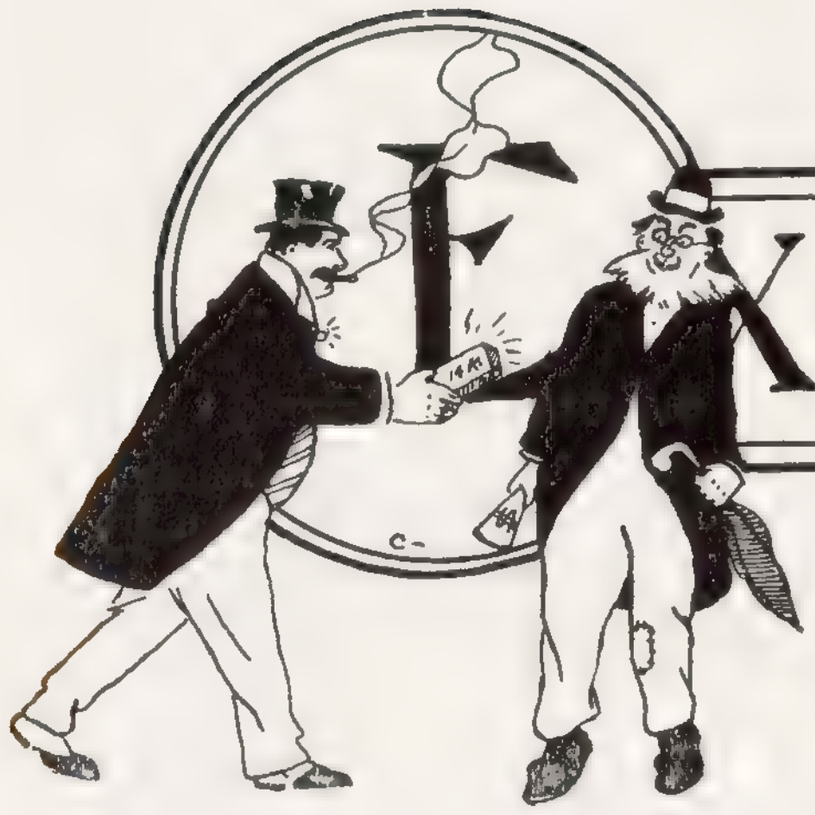
We wonder what DeHart finds so interesting in Roseville.

English Prof.—Does anyone know the word for "boy" in Chinese?

Voice in rear—I don't take that.

Ask Ashton Roberts what happened to his shoes down at Weequahic Park.

We agree Ned, that Rosemary is quite some flower.



EXCHANGES

RUTH CAIRNS, *Ch.*
HELEN CLARKE
MARIAN AMANN

The ACROPOLIS acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges during the past month:

Artisan, Breeze, Brown Daily Herald, Cartaret, Cazenovian, Clio, Columbia Alumni News, Conwayan, College News, Curtis Monthly, East Orange High School News, Howard Times, High School Herald, High School Journal, Holman Magazine, Ingot, Iris, Junto, Knick Knacks, Lafayette, Lal Bagh Chronicle, Lawrence, Let, Massachusetts Collegian, Mirror, On Bounds, Optimist, Orange and Blue, Polymnian, Prep, Princeton Pictorial, Review Rutherfordian, Shucis, Skirmisher, Spectator, Sphinx, Spokesman, Sunnyside, Survey, Swarthmore College Bulletin, Syracuse Daily Orange, Tradesman, Tuskegee, Student, Valkyrie, Wesleyan Argue, Williams Record, Yale Alumni Weekly.

HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

A few more stories would add greatly to your paper. Your personals are very good, but the department is too large. Come again.

THE SPOKESMAN, ERIE HIGH, ERIE, PA.

Your material is well arranged. This is a very neat paper. What about your personals? The department is very small. Your stories are very interesting. Welcome *Spokesman.*

THE PREP, STEVENS SCHOOL, HOBOKEN, N. J.

Your January issue is quite a dandy, but we wish there were more of it. Your quality of paper is excellent, despite the "high cost of living." Good for you! Your Literary department is much larger than the other sections, while we find absolutely no school news department. What about it? Exchanges need more room and "My Week-End Tour Around the World "should be placed with the rest of your "lit." "Ads" should not be scattered through the reading matter. Where is your table of contents?

Your stories and your art are the best parts of your January number. We especially enjoy your clever departmental headpieces. "School Notes" and "Club Notes" should be combined into a single good-sized department on school activities. We note with some surprise that the playlet "Christmas Boxes" was presented at your Christmas exercises, for our dramatic society did the same thing. We, also, enjoyed it immensely. Why not collect your jokes all into a specified department?

THE IRIS, GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We like your Senior issue a great deal. The fine photographs and departmental headpieces add much to your paper's attractiveness. But isn't your humorous department rather short? And where is your alumni section? Your Class Notes are long, but interesting and snappy. We congratulate such a small class on editing such a creditable paper.

THE MIRROR, EMERSON H. S., W. HOBOKEN, N. J.

A novel feature of the Senior number of the Optimist is a fine separate photograph of the school enclosed with the paper itself. Here was a pleasant surprise, indeed, "marred by no advertising." The paper is great, too. Full of clear photographs, very clever original cartoons, snappy jokes, and breezy stories, it is a publication to be proud of. Come again!

THE OPTIMIST, SOUTH SIDE H. S., NEWARK, N. J.

Of all the super-fine senior issue papers we have had the pleasure to receive this month, the Shucis Year Book is certainly the leader. With its excellent quality of paper, innumerable high-grade cuts, dandy society write-ups, and class notes,

SHUCIS YEAR BOOK, HIGH SCHOOL, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

altogether comprising ninety good-sized pages, this paper is "quite de katz," as our small brother would say. Thanks for your great paper!

**THE NEWS,
HIGH SCHOOL,
EAST ORANGE, N. J.**

East Orange, we give you credit for putting out a first-class school paper! All your departments are so good, it's hard to choose the best, though we believe we prefer your "lit," editorials, and jokes. Why hasn't the Exchange Editor criticized any papers? *News,* we dare you to come around again!

**THE LIT,
WATERTOWN, N. Y.**

You have a very fine little paper this month, "Lit." Your literary department is one of the best we have received this month. Why not put such an interesting dept. before your editorials? Your Joke dept. is long and very lively. Exchanges are too small for such a good paper. Come again "Lit."

**THE RUTHERFORDIAN,
RUTHERFORD, N. J.**

You have such a fine paper that we can find very little to criticize. Your literary department while lacking in quantity is replaced by quality. "Editorials" includes several interesting things. The editors of your "athletics" are surely "star performers." Keep up the good work *Rutherfordian.*

**THE SKIRMISHER,
BORDENTOWN, N. J.**

Your paper is very good as a whole. A few minor corrections would improve it. Why not follow the general order of Literature before Editorials? Your Athletics are well written and the department is very interesting. Why not amplify the Exchange department? Surely, it is worth more space.

**HOLLMAN MAGAZINE,
PHILA., PA.**

You have one of the most interesting papers we received this month. Your literary department is a fine one but it should come before your editorials. The table of contents would look nicer on a separate page. We are glad to see such a promising Junior department. Exchange might be lengthened.

**THE CLIO,
ORANGE, N. J.**

"You have an attractive paper, "Clio," but you lack one or two essential things. Where is your table of contents? Your literary department which is very well written, loses some of its importance by standing after your Editorials. Your Exchange criticisms are very short.

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If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold;
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and closest, "Is it kind?"
And, if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—Ex.

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